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Young Lust

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Young Lust

My best friend Brian is actually a pretty good guy, but some chicks think he's cocky because he's sort of a scammer—that is, he's always checking women out. Not for the sexual part, and in fact the guy is probably a virgin for all I know. He usually isn't even bold enough to talk to them. I honestly think he just likes to ogle.

Once last summer he baffled us all when he told us about this girl he met at the beach. Me and Rob were working that day, but Brian didn't have to so he went to the beach himself. He's a workaholic because he wants to have enough cash saved up to go to grad school, but whenever he has a free day during the summer, he always goes to the beach, even if the weather isn't so great and no one will go with him. He's got the real dedication to his scamming, I suppose.

But that day was beautiful. It was warm and sunny, and the wind was low—a perfect day for the beach, even a day worth going alone. Anyway, Brian puts his towel and stereo down on the sand and begins his usual eye assault on the women. After a while, he becomes particularly enchanted by a young, dark-haired girl wearing Ray Bans who is sitting about fifteen feet away. She's wearing this skimpy little two-piece and Brian is examining her like he's a coroner searching for even the slightest imperfection. He probably wouldn't have even met her if one of those grimy beach bums wouldn't have come stumbling up to her.

"Do ya have any cans you might give me?" the bum slurs to the girl, sloshing some sand onto her blanket.

"Hey, get away from her!" yells Brian, which is a pretty loud thing to be saying at the beach. He didn't even know if she was there with a boyfriend or not. Lucky for him she didn't have one.

"Why don't you go somewhere else," Brian calls to the bum as he strides over to the girl's blanket, trying to look important. The wino shuffles off, and Brian says to the girl, "You just have to be blunt with 'em, or they'll hound you all day til you give 'em some cash."

The girl smiles and turns to Brian and says, "Oh it really wasn't that big of a deal. I kinda felt sorry for him."

"You must not come here often," he says. "After the bums have bugged you every time you're here, you get used to it all, and then they annoy you more than anything." The girl once again is staring out into the ocean, and Brian is staring at her tiny waist. "Oh," Brian finally says, "by the way. I'm Brian Jones." Getting nervous because he's trying to be cool, he says, "Mind if I sit down?"

"No, why don't you join me," she says, patting the empty space on the blanket next to her. Now, Brian's not exactly Mr. Olympia, but he works out at the gym a few times a week, so he's got some good shape to his arms and chest. But when

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he sits down next to her, she doesn't even look at him, she just keeps staring straight forward. "I'm Sarah Morgan. You're right, I'm not from around here," she smiles, turning to Brian. "I'm from South Dakota."

By now there's this dead space, because, like I said, Brian's really not much of a talker. Her legs are absolutely heaven, and he knows he should try to talk to her, rather than just sit there and stare. "So..." he stumbles, "uh, South Dakota... that's a pretty long ways away. Relatives around here?" He wonders what color of eyes are hidden behind her shades.

"Yeah, my cousins live up the road about a block," she says, but Brian's not really listening. What a nerd; he's finally got some babe actually talking to him, but he's too busy lusting after her to notice.

"Do you live near the beach?" she says, once again trying to start up some conversation. By now he must have been a little nervous that she knew he was checking her out, because he finally realizes that he's going to have to carry on some sort of lucid conversation.

"I live up the road about a mile. I've lived there for about six years," he says pausing. "Uh, well, I've always lived in California, though. Whadda you think of the beach?"

"Oh gosh," she says, "it's so beautiful...I love the smell of the ocean and the way the breeze blows your hair around. And of course the sun feels terrific. I hope I'm getting a tan."

He's amazed that this woman is still talking to him, because he knows that he's not exactly a conversationalist. "Sure you're getting some color. You're almost as tan as I am, and I live here," says Brian, holding his sinewy arm out next to hers to compare. But she doesn't even turn and look.

By now, he wants to see those legs of hers in motion. "Whadda you say we go wade around?"

"Sure," says Sarah, "that sounds great." She gets up and he damn near gasps at her oiled body in motion. "You wanna give me a hand," she says, holding her arm towards him. Puzzled, and probably nervous as hell because she wants to touch him, Brian extends his hand out to her. She stands there for a split second, looking like she doesn't know where she is, until finally he takes her by the hand.

"Uh..." he stumbles, unnerved, "have you ever been in the ocean?"

"Well, not really," she says. "But I swim in the pool back home. It's the closest thing South Dakota has to the salt water," she grins.

"Oh," says Brian. His mouth is full of cotton, it's so dry. He can't say a word. He's figured out why she's wearing sunglasses.

He leads her among the other islands of people sprinkled about the sand towards the water. Brian's sweating, and not from the heat of the sun. He feels sick to his stomach, and he's trying hard to think of something to say but he just can't say a single word, so there's this awkward dead silence between them as they

walk along. But can you blame him—what the hell *do* you say to someone who can't see what you look like?

After what seems like hours, they finally reach the breaking waves. "Ooooh. This feels so nice." She pauses for a moment, and stops walking to let the water gush over her ankles. "I guess you figured out that I'm blind," she says.

"Uh, um...well, yeah." Brian is so uncomfortable that he can't speak to her. He just stands there, rigid as a board, looking straight ahead.

"Wait a minute," she says, "I know you're uncomfortable, because you quit trying to pick me up," she grins. "Let's go out deeper, OK?"

They keep walking out into the misty salt water until he finally stops when they're waist deep. He can barely even look at her anymore, afraid of seeing anyone else than the beautiful young woman he spotted on the beach.

"That's it, isn't it," says Sarah, turning toward Brian.

Brian's frozen; he's unable to breathe a word, but he knows he has to. "Um...I...ah..." He finally snaps out of it. "I, well...I guess that I've never really, you know...really known anyone who was blind...or even handicapped, for that matter. I...well, I guess I must be... a little afraid," he says.

"What are you afraid of?"

"I dunno," says Brian, "I don't know what to say.. uh...well, I'm not really the greatest talker anyway. Maybe, um...maybe I feel guilty because I can see and you can't."

Sarah turns to him. "Why would you feel guilty? There's nothing you can do about it," she says. She's so matter-of-fact about it that Brian almost feels like looking at her again.

"I dunno. I think that it's unfair that you can't see," he says. "Um...maybe it makes me feel guilty to be better off than you."

"What makes you think that you're any better off than me?" says Sarah.

"I think that's what confuses me most," he says. "I think that I'm better off because I can see, but it makes me feel guilty that I can right now." He shrugs and pauses. "So...I guess that doesn't make much sense, does it?"

She smiles, "Well, you must have a helluva hard time accepting me."

"I dunno. It's hard for me to understand because, well, I mean...you look so normal. Which makes me sound pretty superficial, doesn't it," he says. He's feeling like a big rock at this point.

"Well, I'm pretty used to it, because I was born this way." She gives his hand a squeeze. "Don't feel bad about it though," she says, but he still feels bad.

"I'm sorry," says Brian, beginning his first real conversation with a woman. "When I first saw you lying there on that towel, well, um, I really couldn't believe anything that beautiful existed. Then I gave you some cheesy small talk, which made me feel like a Rent-A- Date. Then I wondered what was wrong with you—I usually have to spend a lot of cash on a woman to get her to talk to me," he says,

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finally sneaking a peek at her again. She was looking right at him, with a soft smile that nearly melted him. “Uh, I was pretty amazed that you didn’t blow me off—as you’ve probably noticed, I’m not that good at holding up a conversation.

“Oh, come on,” says Sarah, “you weren’t that forward with me. Besides, I’ve heard every pick-up line in the book.” She pauses as a big swell rises up, making her take in a deep breath as the cool water covers her chest. “Oooh,” she says, “that’s a little chilly. Hey, do you know what time it is?”

“It’s got to be after two-thirty, but it can’t be three yet because the lifeguards haven’t taken a break.” He stares once again, as the wind dances with her long hair about her slender shoulders.

“Whadda you think of taking me back to my stuff? I gotta meet my mom in the parking lot at three.”

“Sure,” says Brian, and they turn and head back towards the beach. I...uh, I’m really sorry I sold you so short. I mean, I’m sorry I was so scared off.”

“Oh, don’t worry about it. You certainly weren’t the first,” she says. They get her towel and he bends over and helps her put her stuff in her beach bag. “Do you think you could do me a big favor and lead me up to the parking lot?”

“Let’s go,” he says, taking her hand once again, as they make their way to the parking lot. “It was really nice meeting you, Sarah.” He hesitates, then says, “So when are you headed back to South Dakota?”

“Well, my plane leaves early on Monday morning,” she says.

“Oh,” he shrugs. “Guess I won’t be seeing much of you around here anymore, will I?” Then of course he’s kicking himself for using a word like ‘seeing’ right to her face.

“Nah, not for awhile anyway,” says Sarah, as if she didn’t notice. “But if you’re ever in South Dakota, look me up...”

“I just might,” he says. Brian’s dying. He’s just met the most beautiful girl on the beach and she’s leaving in a day for South Dakota. He knows what he has to do. “Wait a second,” he finally says, “are you doing anything tonight? Maybe we could get something to eat.”

“Umm, well...” she says, “I’d need to check with my folks, of course. But it sounds really fun to me.”

So anyway, for the first time in his life, and probably the last, my best friend Brian finally spoke to one of the chicks he’s been scamming on. He tells me that he and Sarah went out to McDonald’s that night, and sat there for a couple of hours, talking and eating fries. Then he took her to the beach again, to let her feel the breeze of the tide coming in. He says he brought her home at midnight. He also says he never touched her, but they have been writing each other letters back and forth for a long time now. I personally can’t believe he ever even talked to her in the first place, but sometimes people you think you know pretty well will surprise you.